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COWBOY LOVE

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A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

Cowboy Love

NO 29

10¢

10¢



IN THIS ISSUE...OUTLAW GIRL.
•ROMANCE RENEGADE•

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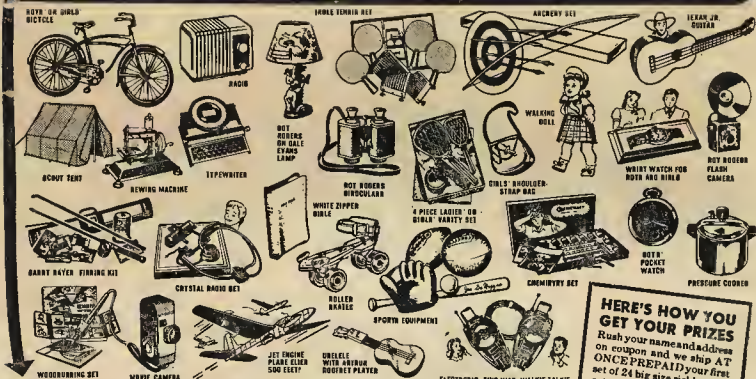
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COWBOY LOVE

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Volume 1, Number 29

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COWBOY LOVE

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



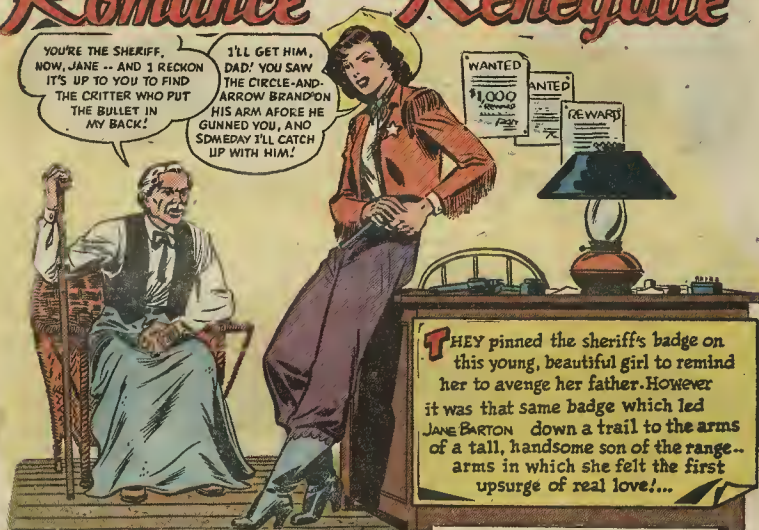
ATOMIC MOUSE ★ BADGE OF JUSTICE ★ BLUE BEETLE ★ COWBOY LOVE ★ COWBOY WESTERN ★ DANGER and ADVENTURE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAILMAN ★ GABBY HAYES ★ HOT RODS and RACING CARS ★ LASH LaRUE ★ MONTE HALE ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE ★ ROCKY LANE ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ SOLDIER and MARINE ★ SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES, SPACE RANGER ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER ★ This is SUSPENSE ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY ★ WIN-A-PRIZE ★ ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

Alfred I. Fox

Executive Editor

Romance Renegade



THERE WAS A TRACE OF HURT AND SYMPATHY IN JANE BARTON'S EYES AS SHE HEARD THE HOLLOW, HOPELESS VOICE OF HER CRIPPLED FATHER.

IT WAS ONLY A SHORT TIME SINCE SHE HAD ASSUMED HER FATHER'S DUTIES AS SHERIFF, BUT ALREADY THE FRIVOLOUS THOUGHTS AND ACTIONS OF A MERE GIRL SEEMED IN THE DISTANT PAST. NOW SHE HAD A MAN'S JOB TO DO...

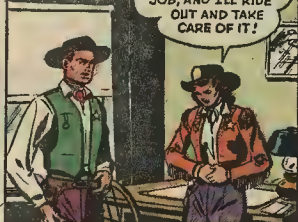
MAYBE IT WASN'T FAIR OF ME TO ASK YOU TO TAKE OVER AS SHERIFF, JANE! YOU'RE JUST A GIRL -- A MIGHTY PRETTY ONE, TOO, AND I FIGGER THERE'LL BE MEN --!

THAT MOONLIGHT AND ROMANCE ISN'T FOR ME, DAD! I'M JUST WAITING FOR THE DAY TO CATCH UP WITH THE POLECAT THAT PLUGGED YOU FRDM THE BACK! ... HERE COMES RED SLAGEL -- MY DEPUTY!



I JUST PASSED THE McHENRY SPREAD, AND OLD CY TOLO ME THERE'S A SQUATTER ON HIS LAND DOWN NEAR THE CANYON BEND. WANTS HIM PUT OFF! RECKON I'LL DO IT!

I'M THE SHERIFF, NOW, RED! IT'S MY JOB, AND I'LL RIDE OUT AND TAKE CARE OF IT!

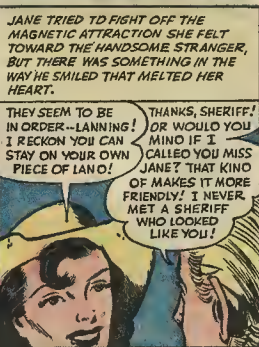
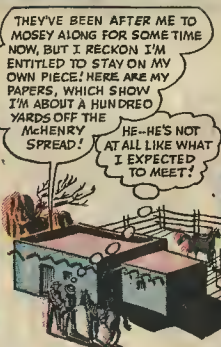
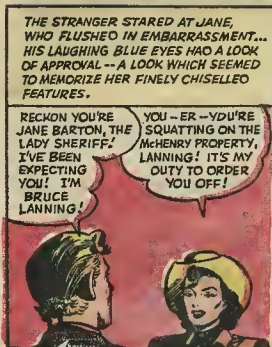


COWBOY LOVE

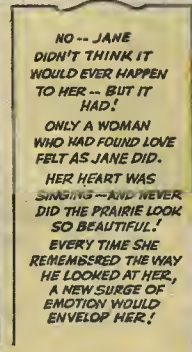
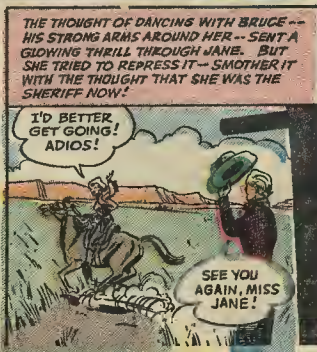
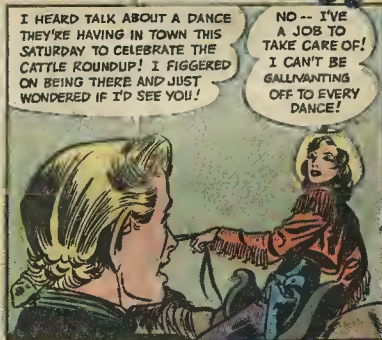


JANE SPURRED HER HORSE TOWARD THE McHENRY RANCH WITH AN EASY GRACE WHICH MADE THE HORSE SEEM A PART OF HER.

THE SHARP PAIR AND THE WIND WHIPPING HER FACE HELPED ERASE SOME OF THE PENT-UP TORMENT BEFORE SHE ARRIVED AT THE CANYON BEND...



COWBOY LOVE



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COWBOY LOVE

IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE ONCE MORE, JANE WAS BROUGHT BACK TO REALITY BY RED'S INSISTENT, PRODDING QUESTIONS... QUESTIONS WHICH BARED RED'S SNARLING DISLIKE FOR THE STRANGER...

YOU MEAN YOU LET THE HOMBRE STAY THERE? WHY--WHY DIDN'T YOU PLUG HIM?

I TOLD YOU BEFORE, RED! IT WAS HIS PROPERTY--HE SHOWED ME THE PAPERS! BRUCE LANNING ISN'T ON THE McHENRY PROPERTY!



THEM PAPERS MUST BE FAKE! YOU'RE SOFT, JANE! YOU SHOULD'VE HOG-TIED THE CRITTER!

I HAD NO CALL TO! HIS PAPERS WERE IN ORDER! DON'T TELL ME HOW TO DO MY JOB, RED! I DON'T LIKE IT!



LISTEN, JANE! YOU KNOW HOW I'VE ALWAYS FELT ABOUT YOU! THIS SHERIFF JOB ISN'T FOR A PURTY GAL LIKE YOU! MARRY ME--FORGET ABOUT DOING A MAN'S JOB!

CUT IT, RED! LET GO OF MY ARM!



RED'S ANGER GAVE WAY TO A GROVELING PLEA!

AND JANE, WATCHING HIS TENSE FACE AND BLOODSHOT EYES, COULDN'T HELP BUT COMPARE HIM WITH BRUCE LANNING.

I LOVE YUH, JANE! I'VE ALWAYS FELT THAT WAY ABOUT YUH--EVER SINCE YOU WERE NO BIGGER THAN A MITE!

I LIKE YOU AS A FRIEND, RED! THAT'S ALL! ... AND AS MY DEPUTY--JUST MY DEPUTY!



IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT--ALL RIGHT! THERE'S ONE MORE THING! I HEARD TALK THAT THE BUSHWACKER WHO GUNNED YOUR FATHER MIGHT BE AT THE DANCE THEY'RE GIVING SATURDAY! IT'S JUST TALK, BUT I FIGGER IT WOULDN'T HURT IF YOU AND I WENT TO SORT OF LOOK AROUND!

THE DANCE--?



RED'S SUGGESTION THAT THEY ATTEND THE DANCE FIRED JANE'S IMAGINATION. IT MEANT ANOTHER CHANCE TO SEE BRUCE LANNING--MAYBE TO DANCE WITH HIM--FEEL HIS STRONG ARMS AROUND HER! SHE DESPERATELY TRIED TO HIDE THE EXCITEMENT IN HER VOICE!

ALL RIGHT, RED! WE'LL GO!



SHE DON'T FIGGER TO BE A SHERIFF, BART! SHE'S TOO PURTY!

MEBBE SO! SOMETIMES I PLUMB FORGET SHE'S JUST A GAL! MEBBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE PUT THE BADGE ON HER!



COWBOY LOVE

THE NIGHT OF THE DANCE FOUND JANE FUSSING WITH HER DRESS AND NERVOUSLY EXAMINING HER REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR. IT HAD BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE SHE HAD WORN A DRESS-- TOO LONG, IN FACT. ALL SHE COULD THINK OF WAS BRUCE--AND WHAT HE WOULD THINK WHEN HE SAW HER.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? HE--HE PROBABLY WON'T EVEN NOTICE ME!



I--I'M CARRYING A DERRINGER, RED-- JUST IN CASE!

YOU LOOK MIGHTY PURTY JANE! LOOK AT 'EM ALL STARE!

CHECK YOUR GUNS

IT'S THE SHERIFF! LUKE--I RECKON I'LL GET ME ARRESTED TONIGHT! NOW AIN'T SHE A LOOKER?!

ALL EYES WERE ON JANE BARON. SHE HAD HAD EYES FOR ONLY ONE--EYES WHICH SEARCHED IN VAIN FOR HIS TALL, LEAN FRAME--EYES WHICH DARTED ABOUT, HOPING TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF BRUCE LANNING.

HE--HE DIDN'T COME--!

THEN, A TALL, LITHE FIGURE STRODE TOWARD JANE FROM THE SIDELINES: HER HEART WAS DANCING AS SHE TURNED HER EYES UP TO MEET HIS STEADY, APPROVING LOOK.

DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU FOR A MOMENT, SHERIFF! MIND IF I DANCE WITH YOU NEXT?

WHY--HELLO, B-BRUCE! NO--I DON'T MIND AT ALL!

I--I'M NOT MUCH WITH WORDS, JANE -- BUT ANYBODY WHO LOOKS LIKE YOU DO IN A DRESS, SHOULD NEVER WEAR MEN'S CLOTHES! MAYBE I'D BETTER SAY IT ALL NOW-- WHILE I HAVE THE COURAGE! I HAVEN'T STOPPED THINKING OF YOU FOR A MINUTE SINCE I SAW YOU!

THAT--THAT IS A SWEET THING TO SAY, BRUCE!

JANE FELT BRUCE'S ARM TIGHTEN ABOUT HER WAIST AND PULL HER CLOSE. HIS LIPS SOFTLY BRUSHED HER HAIR -- AND THE POUNDING OF HIS HEART BLENDED WITH HER OWN. EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY WAS BLOTTED OUT OF HER MIND AS THEY GENTLY DANCED TOGETHER. WORDS WEREN'T NECESSARY ANYMORE. SHE LOVED HIM! SHE KNEW IT EVEN AS HER HEART POUNDED OUT HER TRUE FEELINGS!

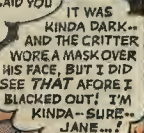
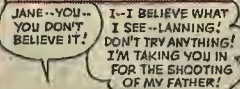
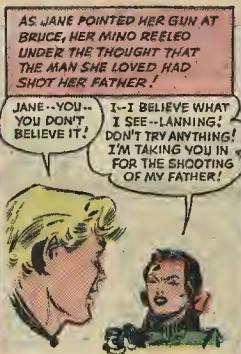
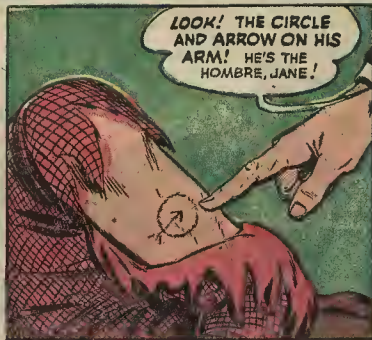
AND THEN, SUDDENLY...

RED!

YOU POLECAT! I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU'RE DANCING WITH JANE!



COWBOY LOVE



COWBOY LOVE

JANE HEARD BRUCE'S VOICE AS FROM AFAR -- HEARD HIM TELL HOW HE HAD BEEN JUMPED IN THE NIGHT, WEEKS BEFORE, AND BRANDED WITH THE CIRCLE AND ARROW BY AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT.

EVERY FIBRE OF HER BEING CRIED OUT TO HER TO BELIEVE HIM...

BUT IT WAS SO FAR-FETCHED--SO FANTASTIC! SHE RELUCTANTLY FORCED HER MIND TO ACCEPT HIM AS HER FATHER'S ATTACKER...

I TELL YOU SOME HOMBRE DID JUMP ME! HE KNOCKED ME OUT AND WHEN I CAME TO, THE BRAND WAS THERE. WHAT'S THE USE?

YOU'VE MADE UP YOUR MIND, JANE BARTON! ALL RIGHT--BELIEVE WHAT YOU WANT!

I BELIEVED A LOT OF THINGS, BRUCE LANNING--BUT NOT ANY MORE!

IN A DAZE, JANE STUMBLED TO HER ROOM AT HOME, AND FLUNG HERSELF DOWN ON THE BED. HER HEART HAD CONSTRUCTED SO THAT EVERY IMPULSE AND FEELING HAD BEEN WRUNG OUT OF IT.

HOW COULD HE HAVE GUNNED DAD, CRIPPLED HIM FOR LIFE? OH, WHY DID I EVER FALL IN LOVE WITH HIM?

AND THEN ...

**BANG!
BANG!
BANG!**

SHOOTING!
COMING FROM THE
DIRECTION OF
THE JAIL--!
BRUCE--!

WHAT'S UP,
MIKE? WHAT'S
ALL THE RUCKUS
ABOUT?

I WAS JUST
COMING TO
FETCH YUH!
LANNING
SLUGGED RED
AND BROKE
JAIL!

BRUCE
LANNING--
BROKE
JAIL?

YEP-- BUT WE'LL
GIT HIM! HE
DIDN'T HAVE A
HOSS--AND I THINK
ONE OF OUR BULLETS
CREASED THE HOMBRE!
HE WON'T GET FAR,
JANE!

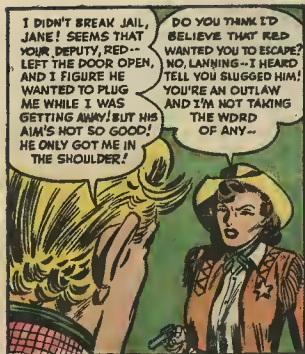
WITH HER MIND A RACING TURMOIL, JANE HURRIED TO THE STABLES FOR HER OWN HORSE. AS SHE ENTERED THE STABLES, SHE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A MOVING SHADOW IN THE DIM RECESSES OF A STALL ...

WHO'S THAT?

HELLO, JANE!
PUT UP YOUR
SHOOTING IRON!
IT'S ME--
BRUCE!

BRUCE! DON'T MOVE--
OR I'LL PLUG YOU SURE
AS MY NAME IS JANE
BARTON! I'M TAKING
YOU BACK TO JAIL!

COWBOY LOVE



I DIDN'T BREAK JAIL, JANE! SEEMS THAT YOUR DEPUTY, RED-- LEFT THE DOOR OPEN, AND I FIGURE HE WANTED TO PLUG ME WHILE I WAS GETTING AWAY! BUT HIS AIM'S NOT SO GOOD! HE ONLY GOT ME IN THE SHOULDER!

DO YOU THINK I'D BELIEVE THAT RED WANTED YOU TO ESCAPE? NO, LANNING-- I HEARD TELL YOU SUGGED HIM! YOU'RE AN OUTLAW AND I'M NOT TAKING THE WORD OF ANY--

EVEN AS JANE WHIPPED THE WORDS AT BRUCE, HE TENSED HIS LEGS FOR THE LUNGE HE WAS ABOUT TO MAKE.

THEN, LIKE A PANTHER, HE DIVED FOR JANE'S GUN...



I DIDN'T FIGURE YOU'D BELIEVE ME, JANE -- SO I RECKON I'D BETTER MAKE MY-- MOVE! GIVE ME THAT GUN!



SORRY I HAVE TO DO THIS, JANE -- BUT I'M BEING FRAMED AND I DON'T AIM TO SWING FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO!

THEN WHY ARE YOU RUNNING OUT LIKE A SCARED COYOTE? WHY DON'T YOU WAIT FOR YOUR TRIAL?

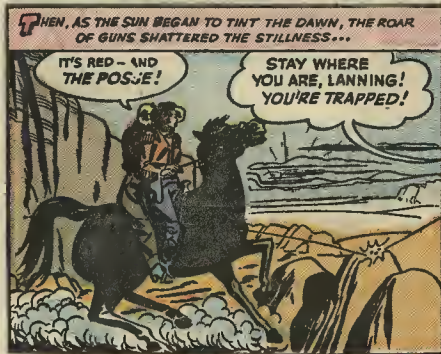
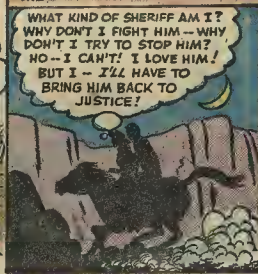
WITH ALL THE FACTS POINTING AGAINST ME, I DON'T STAND A CHANCE! THAT'S WHY I HAVE TO CLEAR MYSELF! BUT I THINK I'LL BE NEEDING THE COMPANY OF THE GIRL I LOVE TO GET OUT OF HERE WITHOUT THEIR SHOOTING ME!

PUT ME DOWN, YOU DOUBLE-TALKING BUSHWACKER! PUT ME DOWN!



JANE'S MIND TRIED TO STILL HER SOARING HEART AS SHE FELT HER NEARNESS AGAIN -- HIS STRONG ARM HOLDING HER FIRMLY IN THE SADDLE...

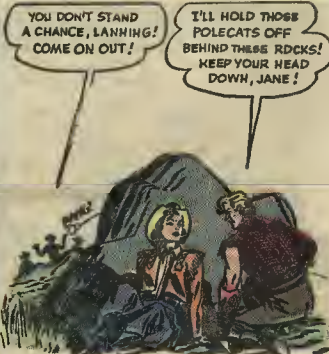
WHAT KIND OF SHERIFF AM I? WHY DON'T I FIGHT HIM -- WHY DON'T I TRY TO STOP HIM? NO -- I CAN'T! I LOVE HIM! BUT I -- I'LL HAVE TO BRING HIM BACK TO JUSTICE!



THEN, AS THE SUN BEGAN TO TINT THE DAWN, THE ROAR OF GUNS SHATTERED THE STILLNESS...

IT'S RED -- AND THE POSSE!

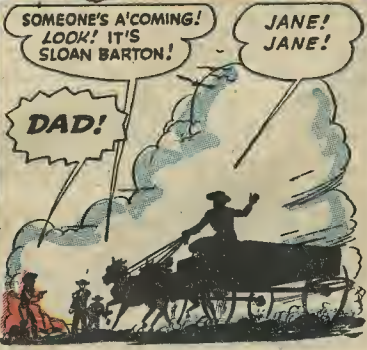
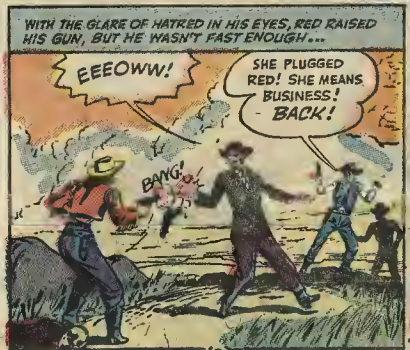
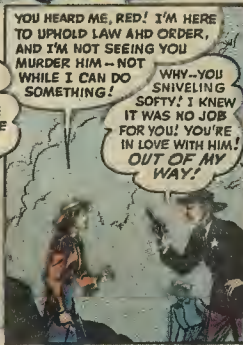
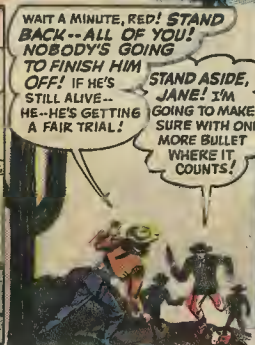
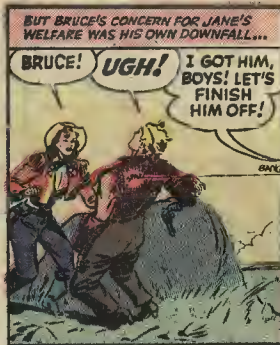
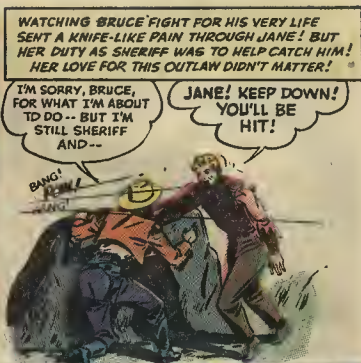
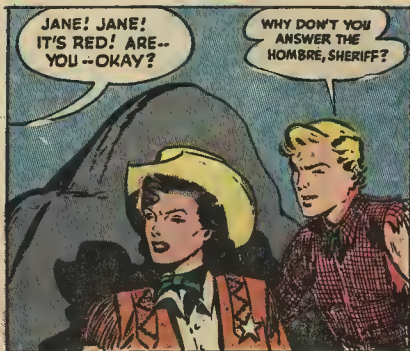
STAY WHERE YOU ARE, LANNING! YOU'RE TRAPPED!



YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE, LANNING! COME ON OUT!

I'LL HOLD THOSE POLECATS OFF BEHIND THESE ROCKS! KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, JANE!

COWBOY LOVE



COWBOY LOVE

OLD SLOAN
BARTON CAME
GALLOPING UP
ON A CAREENING
BUCKBOARD.

HE WAS
SHOUTING
SOMETHING,
AND HE
STOPPED WHEN
HE SAW THE
STILL FIGURE
OF BRUCE AND
THE EXPRESSION
ON RED'S FACE.

FOR A FEW
SECONDS,
NOBODY SPOKE...
AND THEN SLOAN
BEGAN TO TALK
WITH A
DANGEROUS EDGE
IN HIS VOICE!

YOU WERE MIGHTY
ANXIOUS TO GET HIM
OUT OF THE WAY, EH, RED?
I SAW YOU ORDER HIM OUT
OF HIS CELL--BUT I DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT YOU WERE UP
TO--AND I STILL DON'T!
BUT BRUCE LAHNING ISN'T
THE CRITTER WHO
GUNNED ME!

YOU'RE
CRAZY,
YOU OLD
COOT! DIDN'T
YOU SEE THE
ARROW AND
CIRCLE?

SURE, I SAW IT--AND WHEN HE
TOLD ME THAT STORY ABOUT BEING
BRANDED, I RECKON I HALF-BELIEVED
IT, BECAUSE THE MARKINGS DIDN'T
LOOK RIGHT! BUT IT CAME TO ME,
A WHILE BACK--HIS ARROW IS
FACING THE *WRONG* WAY! THE
POLECAT WHO BRANDED HIM
MUST HAVE BEEN IN A
MIGHTY BIG HURRY!

WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

DAD! LOOK!--ON RED'S ARM!
HE HAS THE BRAND, TOO!

SO HE HAS! HOW IT ADDS
UP! THAT ARROW ON YOUR
ARM, RED, POINTS IN THE
RIGHT DIRECTION! YOU'RE
THE YARMINT WHO GUNNED
ME THAT NIGHT! AND YOU
BRANDED LANNING TO
THROW THE BLAME
ON HIM!

ALL RIGHT, YOU OLD GOAT! SO YOU GUESSED
RIGHT! BUT, THIS TIME, I'M NOT MISSING! I
THOUGHT I FINISHED YOU OFF THEN, BECAUSE
I HAD A YEN TO BE THE SHERIFF AND MARRY
JANE! I DIDN'T FIGGER ON HER GETTING
THE BADGE! BUT YOU CAN START
SAYING YOUR PRAYERS HOW!

RED!
NO--NO!

BRUCE!

NO--YOU--
DON'T, RED!
NOT--THIS
TIME--
EITHER!

UGHNNNN!

AS BRUCE'S SHOT KNOCKED THE GUN OUT OF RED'S HAND,
THE POSSE GRABBED THE GUILTY, AND JANE'S
HEART SOARED IN RELIEF--A RELIEF WHICH SPELLED OUT...
BRUCE LANNING WAS STILL ALIVE AND INNOCENT OF
ANY CRIME! THE BARK OF THE SIX-SHOOTER LET
DOWN THE DOOGIES OF SLOAN'S EMOTIONS,
AND SHE FLUNG HERSELF AT THE MAN SHE LOVED!

OHNN--MY DARLING--MY
OWN! HOW COULD I EVER
HAVE DOUBTED YOU?
BRUCE--MY LOVE! DON'T
DIE--DON'T LEAVE ME
NOW! I LOVE YOU!

I--I RECKON I--GOT
SOMETHING--TO LIVE FOR--
JANE! I GUESS I LOVE YOU
SO MUCH--IT KIND
OF HURTS!

A WEEK LATER...

THE FOLKS IN TOWN ALL
FEEL THE SAME ABOUT
IT, BRUCE! THEY SAY
YOU'LL MAKE A MIGHTY
GOOD SHERIFF! I GUESS
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D
BE SO GLAD TO PIN
THIS ON ANYBODY!

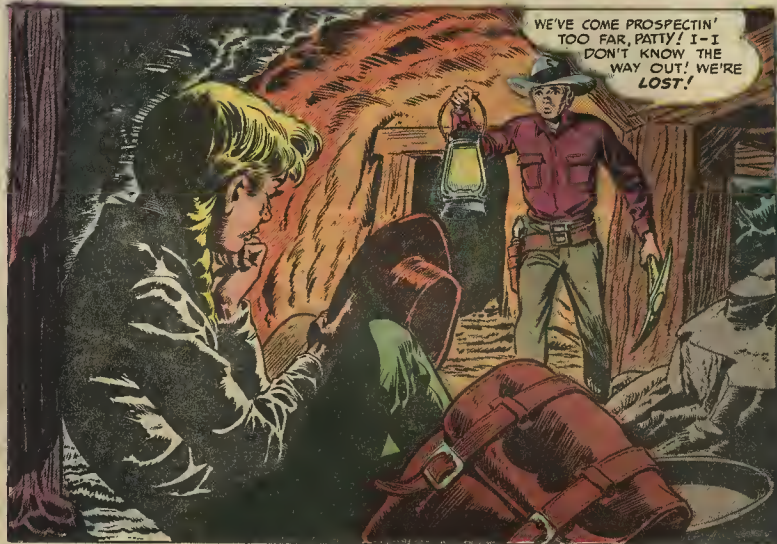
THANKS, JANE! IT'D
BE A MIGHTY FUNNY FEELING FOR
ME TO BE MARRYING A SHERIFF!
NOW WE CAN TALK ABOUT
THE WEDDING!

COWBOY LOVE

BOB WHITE

and PATTY in *HIDDEN VALLEY*

THERE WERE RUMORS ABOUT THE OLD ABANDONED MINE OUTSIDE OF MESQUITE! SOME SAID IT WAS HAUNTED — OTHERS SAID IT HELD A SECRET HOARD OF GOLD! FOR BOB AND PATTY, IT HELD CERTAIN DEATH — THE MORE TERRIFYING BECAUSE BY THEN THEY KNEW ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS...



WE'VE COME PROSPECTIN' TOO FAR, PATTY! I-I DON'T KNOW THE WAY OUT! WE'RE LOST!

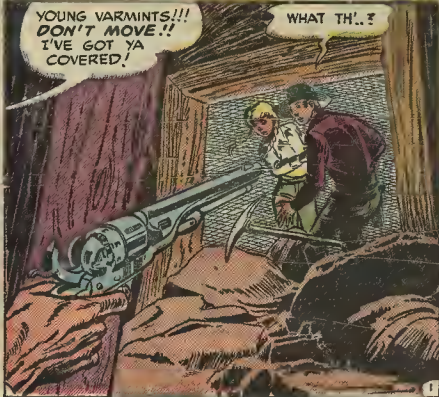
DID YOU TRY ALL THE TUNNELS, BOB? ONE OF THEM'S GOT TO BE THE WAY OUT!

THERE ARE TOO MANY TURNS, PATTY! WE'LL NEVER --



YOUNG VARMINTS!!! DON'T MOVE!! I'VE GOT YA COVERED!

WHAT TH'..?



KIDS! BE THE FIRST TO SEND FOR THIS

NEW PLASTIC

AIRCRAFT CARRIER

WITH **5** CATAPULTING JETS

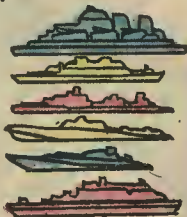


Send only \$1.00 NOW for this wonderful toy! It catapults, it floats, it runs on dry land. Equipped with 5 catapulting jets that zoom off the runway with the flick of the finger. The carrier is fully 2/3's of a foot long!

ONLY \$1.00

We also send you, at no extra cost, a small supporting fleet of real plastic molded warships, consisting of:

- 1 BATTLESHIP
- 1 CRUISER
- 1 DESTROYER
- 1 SUBMARINE
- 1 P.T. BOAT
- 1 AIRCRAFT CARRIER



Brings you the aircraft carrier and 5 jets plus the small fleet of warships! BE SURE to enclose \$1.00 with coupon and *print* name and address clearly.

LUCKY PRODUCTS, DEPT. OCs

Carle Place, L.I. N. Y.

NO C.O.D.'s

Gentlemen:

HERE IS MY DOLLAR! Rush aircraft carrier and jet planes plus small fleet. If not completely satisfied, I can return merchandise for full refund.

Canada and foreign orders send \$1.50 postal money order.

Name _____

Address _____

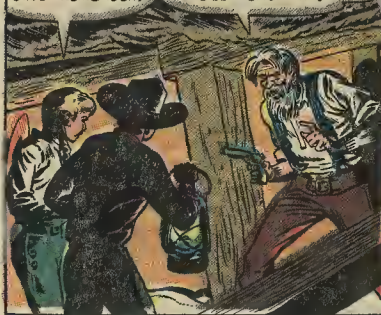
City _____

State _____

COWBOY LOVE

IT'S SOURDOUGH CHARLEY BOB. WE SAW HIM IN TOWN ONCE—REMEMBER?

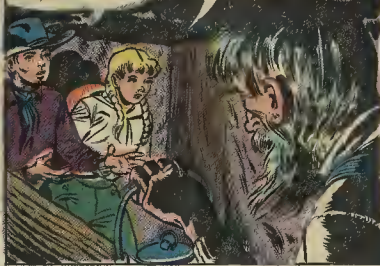
SPYIN' ON OL' CHARLEY, ARE YA? COME OUT HERE TO ROB ME OF M'GOLD! WELL, I'LL TEACH YA!



FOR SPINE-TINGLING MINUTES, BOB'S WORDS TUMBLED OVER THEMSELVES...

...AN' WERE NOT TRYIN' TO ROB YOU, MISTER! WE WERE JUST **PLAYIN'** AT BEIN' MINERS! WE GOT **LOST!**

THAT'S **TRUE!** HONEST IT IS! P-PLEASE HELP US...



FINALLY, OLD SOURDOUGH CHARLEY SEEMED CONVINCED...

RECKON YOU YOUNG 'UNS AIN'T OLD ENOUGH TO BE LYIN'! I'LL HELP YA—BUT Y'GOT TO PROMISE ME SOMETHIN' FIRST...



THERE AIN'T NOBODY KNOWS 'BOUT THIS SECRET TUNNEL, 'CEPTIN' ME! Y'GOT TO PROMISE **NEVER TO BREATHE A WORD 'BOUT** WHAT YER AGOIN' T'SEE!

SURE THING, MISTER CHARLEY!

WE PROMISE! OH, WE DO!

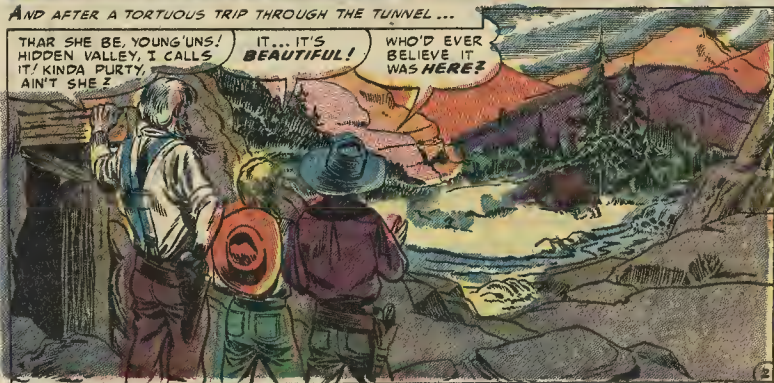


AND AFTER A TORTUOUS TRIP THROUGH THE TUNNEL...

THAR SHE BE, YOUNG 'UNS! HIDDEN VALLEY, I CALLS IT! KINDA PURTY, AIN'T SHE?

IT... IT'S **BEAUTIFUL!**

WHO'D EVER BELIEVE IT WAS **HERE?**



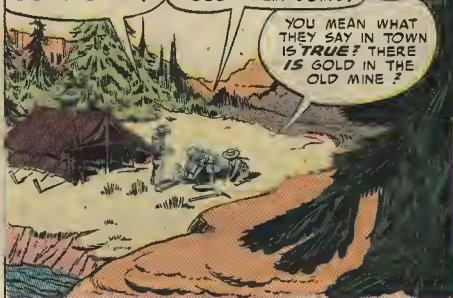
COWBOY LOVE

A LITTLE LATER...

...AN' YOU'VE LIVED HERE ALL THIS TIME WITHOUT ANYBODY EVER **KNOWIN'?**

THAT'S RIGHT, SONNY! THAT SECRET TUNNEL'S **TH' ONLY** WAY IN! GOLD MINERS GIT THESELVES **ROBBED** EFFEN THEY GAB 'BOUT THEIR DOIN'S!

YOU MEAN WHAT THEY SAY IN TOWN IS **TRUE?** THERE IS GOLD IN THE OLD MINE?



SECRETS AIN'T SECRETS, PATTY... EFFEN Y' TALK ABOUT 'EM! BUT **HERE'S** SOMETHIN' FER YA T' BE KEEPIN'...



...EFFEN YA REMEMBER YER **PROMISE!** Y'DON'T TELL **NOBODY** 'BOUT WHAT Y'VE **SEEN!**

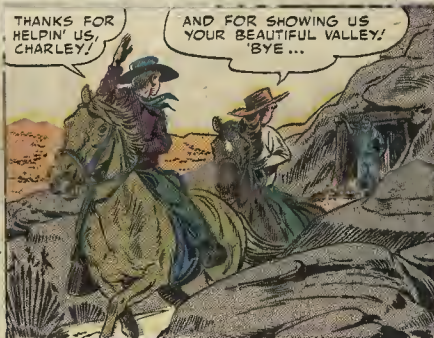
GOLD!

OH, WE WON'T TELL, MISTER CHARLEY! **HONEST!**

LATER, AFTER CHARLEY HAD SEEN THEM SAFELY BACK THROUGH THE TUNNEL AND OUT OF THE MINE...

THANKS FOR HELPIN' US, CHARLEY!

AND FOR SHOWING US YOUR BEAUTIFUL VALLEY! **BYE...**



BACK AT SHERIFF TOM'S RANCH, LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU! WILL YOU RIDE DOWN TO SAM TULANE'S STORE FOR ME? I NEED SOME THINGS...

BOB... PATTY!

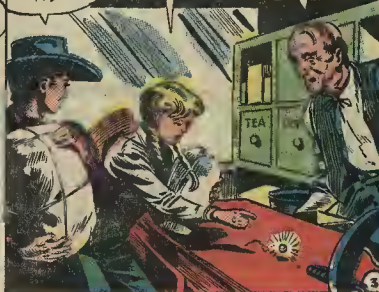
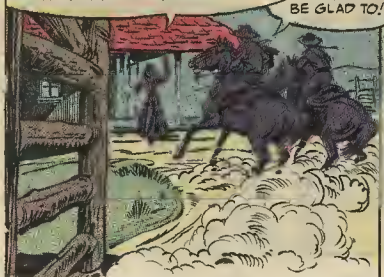
SURE THING, MARY! WE'LL BE GLAD TO!

BUT AS PATTY PAID FOR THEIR PURCHASES IN TOWN...

PATTY! YOU DROPPED IT!

I'VE GOT IT, BOB...

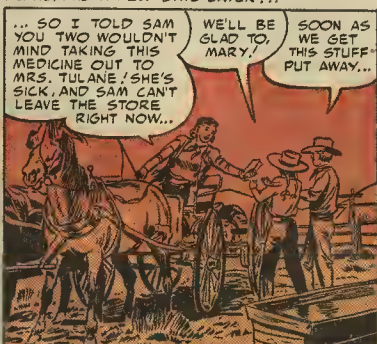
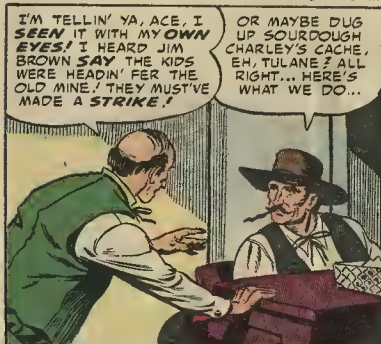
GOLD! OR MY NAME AIN'T SAM TULANE!



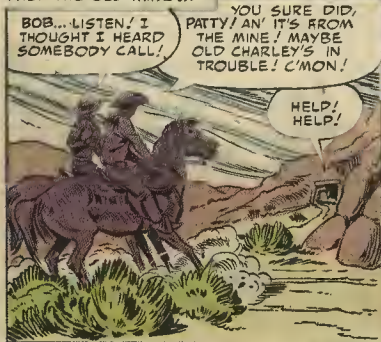
COWBOY LOVE

AFTER BOB AND PATTY HAD GONE, SAM TULANE
LOST NO TIME GETTING TO THE STAR SALOON...

ACE CRANDALL AND SAM TULANE MADE THEIR
PLANS, AND A FEW DAYS LATER...



BUT THE TRAIL TO SAM TULANE'S PLACE LED
PAST THE OLD MINE...



DEEP INSIDE THE MINE AGAIN...



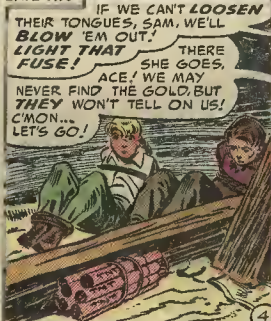
BUT BEFORE BOB COULD EVEN VOKE
HIS SUSPICIONS...



JUST A LITTLE PARTY
WE'VE ARRANGED...
ALL FOR YOU!
NOW, **START**
TALKIN'!



BUT TO BOB AND PATTY, A PROMISE
WAS A PROMISE AND THEY WOULD
NOT GIVE AWAY CHARLEY'S SECRET!
LATER...

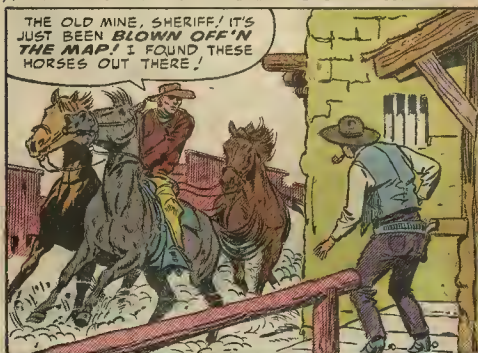


COWBOY LOVE

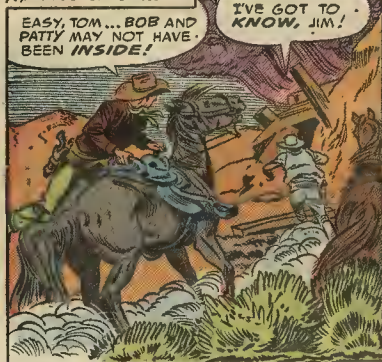
TIMED JUST AS ACE CRANDALL AND SAM HAD FIGURED IT...THE EXPLOSION CAME...AND AS A HARD RIDING MAIL COURIER GALLOPED BY OUTSIDE THE MINE...



AFTER A WILD RIDE TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...



MINUTES LATER...



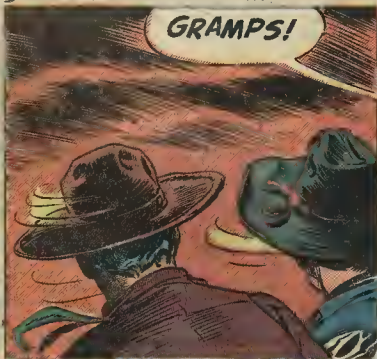
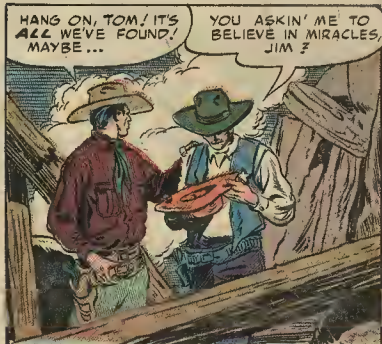
AND AFTER A LONG SEARCH...



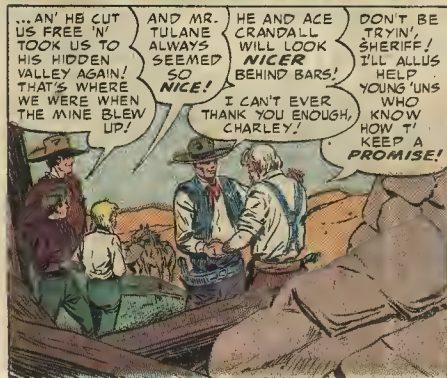
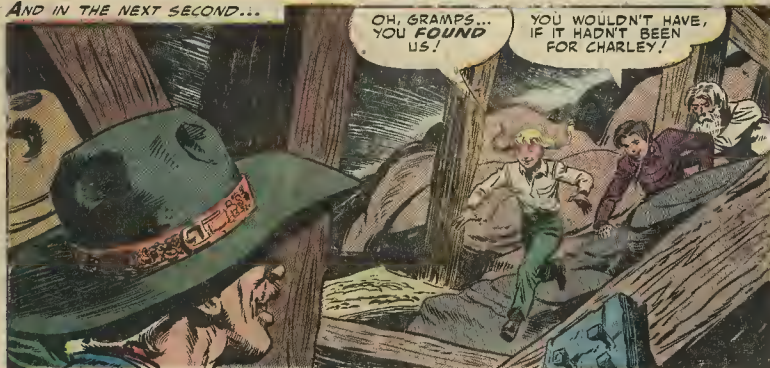
COWBOY LOVE

SOMEHOW, JIM BROWN MANAGED TO GET THE TERRIBLE WORDS SAID...

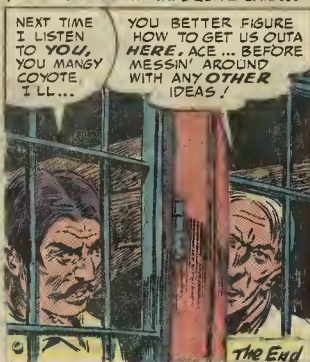
SUDDENLY AS IF IN ANSWER...



AND IN THE NEXT SECOND...



THAT NIGHT IN THE MESQUITE JAIL...



I WAS BLINDED BY LOVE

FOR the past six months I have been flat on my back in a special private room of the Mercy Hospital. The outside world of things and people have not existed for me. Perhaps in the next hour, when they remove the bandages from my eyes, I will again be able to see the beauty that escapes most of us. Yes, I have had plenty of time in which to reflect about what I have done. Time and again, I have asked myself, "Ethel Rogers, how could a woman like you make such a mess of things? Jealousy and bitterness are seeds of destruction once you let them be planted within the human heart. When you try to hurt someone, you end up by hurting yourself." Before you condemn me, I think it best to tell you my story. John kept the story out of the papers and all you probably read was the headline, "Prominent Woman Executive Hurt in Accident. May lose Sight."

When I was ten, my father died and that meant mother had to support the three of us—for I had a three year old sister, Janice. At the age when other girls could be children, I had to prepare the meals and watch over the household. Mother worked as a part time saleswoman in a local department store. There were days when I actually went to bed hungry. When I was seventeen, mother died and that meant I had to take care of Janice and myself. You could say that I was prematurely old. My brown hair was sort of ragged. There were lines under my pale blue eyes. My hands were red from housework and trying to earn extra money as a helper in Joe's Restaurant. Thank Heavens, we both ate. Then one day I wrote an essay in a contest sponsored by the Advertising firm of Walton, O'Brien, and Sanders. The topic was "Self-Reliance." You can imagine how surprised I was when I won first prize which was a check for \$5,000. Then, to top it all, Mr. John Sanders offered me a position with his firm as a junior executive.

By the time I was twenty-five, my name was well known in the advertising world. I could write copy which would make the housewife rush out to the corner grocery store to buy a certain can of peaches, a fu-

mous brand of soap, and a box of waffle mix. In the meantime, Janice was growing up.

Funny thing that emotion we call jealousy. It was on a Friday night that Janice showed me her new dress. Yes, she was radiantly beautiful in her youth in all its bloom. And my youth? There were streaks of gray in my hair and behind my back, women would whisper, "She must be at least forty." Outwardly, I consoled myself and said, "Ethel, you have been doing a good job, taking care of your kid sister. It's a satisfaction to know you have been a sister to her and taken on the responsibilities of a father and mother." Yet, inwardly, I felt I had been cheated out of youth, the romantic period of life when the world seems to be made for lovers. I never had a boy friend. Mr. Sanders had once smilingly remarked to me, "Ethel, you'll make a good wife for the right kind of a man." He was in his late forties, a widower with two young children. There wasn't much left of his black hair and I believed he had once been an athlete in college. To be generous about it, he was getting fat.

Then Michael Remington came into our lives. He was fresh out of art school when we hired him at our place. I had spoken to Mr. Sanders about my new idea. "Your new soap account wants something novel. Why not try out a comic strip called, 'Adventures in the Life of a Bar of Soap'?" Three hours later, Michael walked into the office with some samples of his art work. He was hired and put under my direction. "This is an opportunity of a lifetime to get started under your direction", he said in his most pleasant carefree manner. He was about 6 feet tall, with broad shoulders, wavy blond hair and deep set eyes. I felt my heartbeat increase and wanted him for myself.

I began to manipulate ways to bring us closer and closer. It was easy to mix business and pleasure. We went to the automobile show and he sketched rough drawings for some of my ideas. We visited a dairy farm and he told the world the work of the dairy farmer. I managed to have him up to the house only when Janice was out. But on this

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 2, 1933, AND JULY 9, 1916 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNER-SHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF
"ROMANTIC" NIDHY, published bimonthly at New York, New York, May
November 1941, 1942.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
 Publisher—Edward Levy, Woodbridge, Conn.
 Editor and Managing Editor—Burton N. Levy, Orange, Conn.

2. The owner is (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock owned by the corporation. The name and address of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address as well as that of each individual member, must be given. Derby Color Press, Inc., Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut.

Katward Lev, Woodbridge, Connecticut
John Santungola, Derby, Connecticut

4. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (if there are none, so state.)

4. Paragraphs 1 and 2 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

BURTON M. LEVEY, Editor
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of Sept., 1934
(SEAL) Sydney Shindall (Notary Public)
(My commission expires April 1, 1937)

HOW in 10 Minutes of Fun a Day

YOU Can Become AN AMAZING NEW 3-D HE-MAN

JIM NORMAN
before

NOW
1 gained
1000% in
HE-MAN LOOKS
POPULARITY and
STRENGTH

Like
We
Did

LOOK
at ME and
MY PALS!
What a
Pitiful lot of
SKINNY
WRECKS like YOU
We were BEFORE
We mailed coupon!

Yes, PAL—NOW

YOU MAIL THE
COUPON
BELOW

and Get a NEW
HE-MAN BODY
for Your OLD
SKELETON FRAME!

YOU CAN WIN

\$100.00

AND A BIG 15"
TALL SILVER CUP

LIKE WE
DID!



Not Friend
you see'll
have to be SKINNY,
WEAK or PLAINY any
more—just mail the
FREE coupon below so I
did! But DO IT NOW—
This may be YOUR LAST
CHANCE!

Now,
Buddy
YOU

GET ALL THESE
5 PICTURE
PACKED
COURSES

FREE If you
mail
coupon NOW
as I did!

May be
LAST CHANCE
before \$1
price goes
back!

Cleveland
BEFORE

NOW

Look at
CLEVELAND'S
HEROIC
CHEST
NOW!

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY CHEST

I gained

**70 lbs. of
MIGHTY MUSCLE**

Won a BIG SILVER TROPHY
and made the football team.
I was a 90 lb. Skeleton before,
says Cleveland.

I changed myself from
this ANEMIC SHRIMP
to this MUSCULAR HE-MAN

I added 6 inches
to each ARM

10 inches to my CHEST
says Ken Grimm.

**I GAINED
53 lbs.
OF SNAPEY
POWER-
PACKED
MUSCLES**

I Was a
Skinny,
Scared,
Girl-Shy
Skeleton.
Now My
Body is
the Best
in the
Neighborhood. Pal
—he go I
did—Mail
The Coupon
Below.

AFTER
R. HIRSCH
BEFORE

NOW—YOU MAIL
COUPON and GET
ALL 5 COURSES

FREE

Millions were
paid at \$1.

PLUS BIG

PHOTO BOOK

of
STRONG MEN
which also tells
how to
WIN TROPHY
and \$100!

This is
one-time
SKINNY
Ken
GRIMM
AFTER
mailing
the
coup
below

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY ARM

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY BACK

HOW TO MOLD
MIGHTY LEGS

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY GRIP

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

LAST CHANCE—ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER
3. PHOTO BOOK OF STRONG MEN

Dept. CH-51

Tell Me How To
Win \$100, etc.

ROCKET INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.
Now George Grimm must be my FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses. I Now to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. Now to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. Now to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. Now to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. Now to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One
Form! Type to become a Mighty HE-MAN! ENCLOSED FIND OUT
YOUR FUTURE AND MAKE ME ONE TOO!

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR **FREE** OFFER AND PRIZES!

particular Wednesday evening, she remained home, complaining of a headache. "Don't worry a bit," she teased me, "If it's a boy friend you're having up the house, no competition. Cross my heart, sister dear, may he be all yours."

Michael called for me at nine. We were supposed to go to the club Marianne in time for the last show. But Janice came into the living room dressed in a simple gown. He took one look at her and in a mock chastizing tone said, "Ethel, you have been holding out on me. Never told me you have such a pretty young sister. Doesn't look a bit like you." How thoughtless and cruel youth can be. Those last words bit and burned into my heart. "Doesn't look a bit like you." From then on, Michael avoided me. My intuition told me he was seeing Janice behind my back. Late one afternoon, I visited the Five O'Clock teashop with a female client of ours. There, I spotted Janice and Michael holding hands and looking at each other with endearing eyes. It just cut me through and through. I made an excuse to return to the office, "I forgot the duplicate contract." We left without the two lovers seeing me.

That evening I talked to Janice. She was no longer a child but a woman determined to hold her man. "You're just plain jealous", she snapped back at me. "A woman has no right to a man unless she can hold him. Michael loves me and he asked me to marry him." All I could think of was to say, "You do this to me after all I have done for you!"

"If that's the way you feel about it", Janice replied, "I'll leave home today and take a room at the club until we are married."

When I went to the office the next day, there was only one thought uppermost in my mind. To destroy Michael. And the opportunity presented itself. Burt Gibbons, the Oil Man, had been trying for almost a year to get our agency to handle his accounts. He was a dramatic sort of a man who wore a ten gallon hat and used to say, "Money Talks." He sent a registered package with 10 one thousand dollar bills and a note, "This is just part payment to a good firm. Want my business?" Mr. O'Brien spread the bills on his desk and went to tell the news to Mr. Sanders. I entered the office and saw the

money. In a flash my agile mind knew how to destroy Michael. I scooped up the money and re-entered my office. Michael's art case was on his desk. I placed the bills inside and then went into Mr. Sanders' office. "Ethel, there is something I want to talk to you about. It concerns . . .", but he never finished the sentence. We heard O'Brien shout, "The money has been stolen. Hurry, get the police. Don't let anyone leave the office."

Here was my chance. I pointed out it would be silly to call the police until each of us had been searched. I would be the first one, my possessions, my desk, and my brief case. When they came to Michael's art case, the money was discovered. "I swear I'm innocent", he pleaded. "Please don't turn me over to the police. I was just married yesterday to Ethel's sister. Why should I steal?"

Mr. Sanders looked at me for a few minutes. He later told me that my feelings were so easily read upon my face. Then hatred took possession of my soul. It was though I were turned into a she-devil. There was a heavy inkwell on my desk. I took it in my hand, advanced a step towards Michael, and tripped on the rug. When I recovered consciousness everything was dark. I could hear voices around me. "Can you see light?" a strange man asked me. "Is it night time?", I asked.

Later I learned what had happened. When I fell, the edge of the inkwell gashed my forehead and some of my nerves were affected. I called for Sanders, but I used his first name, "John, oh John, there is something I want to tell you." I told him everything. I felt the anxiety in him and the emotion in his voice.

This all happened six months ago. Janice and Michael have long since forgiven me. Janice sobbed and said, "Oh, Ethel, everything will be fine. Let's not talk about it." John asked me to marry him before they took the bandages off my eyes. "I love you deeply, Ethel, and we will be happy." I accepted his proposal. I will make him a good wife and mother for his children. The doctor is now speaking, "Open your eyes slowly and tell me what you see." What do I see? Why there is John, Ethel, and Michael. A new world for me — and a new life!

OUTLAW GIRL!

DESPERATE AND FRIGHTENED, AMY CAME OUT OF THE NIGHT TO FIND A HAVEN IN JEFF'S ARMS, TO FIND PEACE FOR A TREMBLING HEART, AND THEN, LOVE CAME TO THAT HEART AND SENT ITS FEARS AWAY. BUT A DARK AND AWESOME SPECTRE HUNG OVER AMY'S HEART.....A SPECTRE THAT FLAUNTED THE WORDS.....
OUTLAW GIRL!



AS THE GRAY CURTAIN OF DUSK SLOWLY ROLLED OVER THE RICH LANDS OF THE NEW WEST, A YOUNG RANCHER LAY DOWN HIS TOOLS. PROUDLY, JEFF BENTON SURVEYED HIS HALF-COMPLETED HOUSE....

ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY, I'M THINKING. FROM SUN-UP TO EVENTIDE IS A GOOD DAY'S WORK.



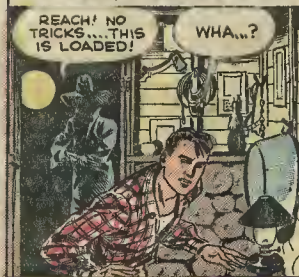
SOME DAY, LITTLE HOUSE, YOU'LL BE LOOKING OVER AS FINE A RANCH SPREAD AS EVER WAS.....AND YOU'LL BE MARKING THE PLACE THAT WILL SHOW THEM... I WAS THE FIRST ONE HERE!



THE NIGHT COMES QUICKLY UPON THE HEELS OF EVENTIDE AND SOON, JEFF BENTON SAT IN THE FINISHED PART OF HIS HOUSE, THE CRACKLING OF HIS LOG FIRE DROWNING OUT THE CRIES OF THE TIMBER WOLVES IN THE HILLS, WHEN SUDDENLY.....

REACH! NO TRICKS....THIS IS LOADED!

WHA...?



COWBOY LOVE



AS THE INTRUDER SNAPPED COMMANDS JEFF SLOWLY BEGAN TO TURN, AND THEN, TENSING EVERY MUSCLE, HE SPUN TO ONE SIDE AND LEAPED FORWARD WITH THE SPEED OF A COUGAR!



THE GIRL'S HAIR WAS THE RED-GOLD OF EARLY SUN, AND HER SKIN WAS THE SOFT WHITENESS OF A MORNING GLORY PETAL. JEFF TOOK A DEEP BREATH AS HE KNELT BESIDE HER...

STRIKING HER HEAD AGAINST THE WALL HAS KNOCKED HER CLEAN OUT! SHE...SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!!



I'LL PUT HER ON THE COT AND GET SOME WATER FROM THE WELL OUTSIDE. POOR KID. I WONDER WHO SHE IS?



YES, WHO WAS THIS BEAUTIFUL CREATURE OUT OF THE NIGHT? AND WHY HAD SHE COME DISGUISED AS A MAN, WITH LEVELLED GUN? THE QUESTIONS RACED THROUGH JEFF'S MIND AS HE WENT OUTSIDE TO THE WELL, BUT WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE HOUSE...



COWBOY LOVE



NOW, COME ON. YOU DON'T WANT TO SHOOT ANYONE.

S-STAY BACK! I...I...CHOKO... MEAN IT!



GIVE ME THAT RIFLE. COME ON... THAT'S IT. YOU DON'T WANT TO SHOOT.

I...CHOKO...!

AS JEFF CAME STEADILY TOWARD HER ALL THE GIRL COULD SEE IN HIS EYES WAS HONESTY, FRIENDLINESS. IT WAS SOMETHING SHE WANTED DESPERATELY TO SEE IN SOMEONE'S EYES ONCE AGAIN, SHE ALONE KNEW THE FEAR IN HER MIND AND THE WEARY EXHAUSTION OF HER BODY. SHE LOWERED THE RIFLE...



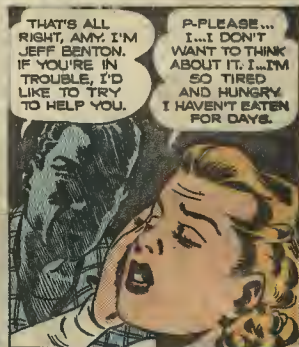
N-NO...I... SOS... D-DON'T WANT TO SHOOT ANYONE... SOS... N-NO!

THERE, THAT'S BETTER. NOW JUST TAKE IT EASY, THERE.



NOW, SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT...

I...I'M AMY CARTER. I...CHOKO... I'M SORRY I POINTED THE GUN AT YOU...



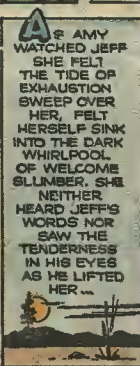
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, AMY. I'M JEFF BENTON. IF YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, I'D LIKE TO TRY TO HELP YOU.

P-PLEASE... I...I DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT. I...I'M SO TIRED AND HUNGRY. I HAVEN'T EATEN FOR DAYS.



YOU POOR KID. LISTEN, MY NEIGHBORS, NED AND JENNY FOREST, LIVE DOWN THE ROAD. THEY CAN PUT YOU UP FOR THE NIGHT. WE'LL TALK TO-MORROW, AFTER YOU'VE EATEN AND RESTED.

TH-THANK YOU, JEFF. THAT'D BE SO WONDERFUL. I'M TIRED... SO TIRED!

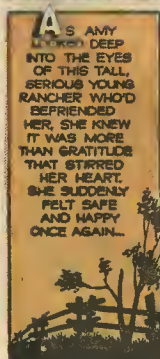
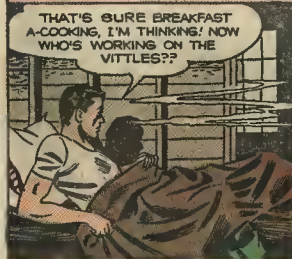
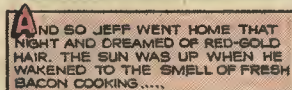
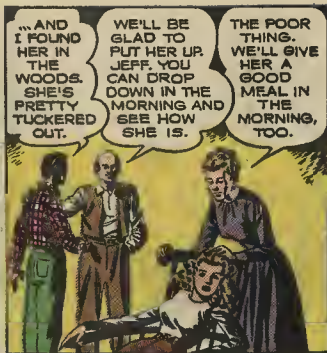
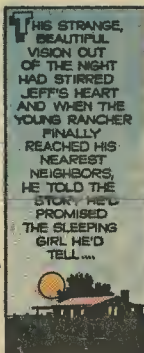
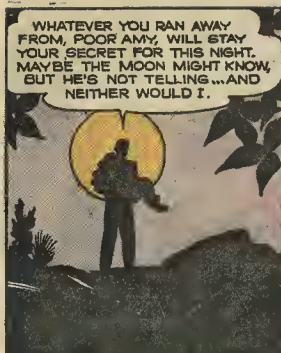


AS AMY WATCHED JEFF SHE FELT THE TIDE OF EXHAUSTION SWEEP OVER HER, FELT HERSELF SINK INTO THE DARK WHIRLPOOL OF WELCOME SLUMBER. SHE NEITHER HEARD JEFF'S WORDS NOR SAW THE TENDERNESS IN HIS EYES AS HE LIFTED HER...

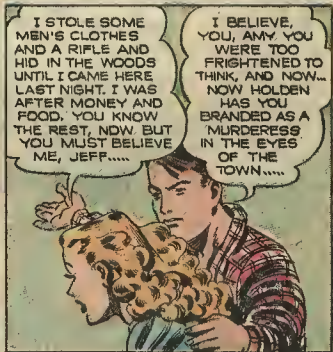
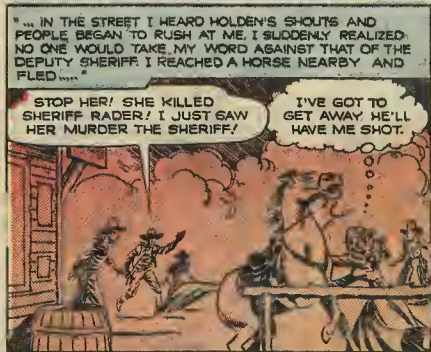
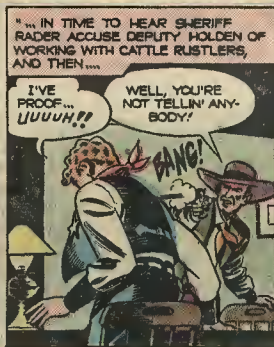
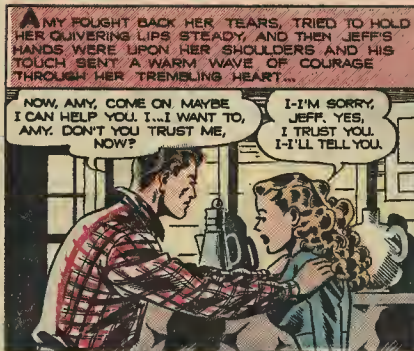


SLEEP TIGHT, SWEET AMY. YOU'RE TOO TIRED TO WAKE AGAIN THIS NIGHT.

COWBOY LOVE



COWBOY LOVE



COWBOY LOVE

YES, JEFF BELIEVED AMY, FOR, AS HE SEARCHED THE EYES OF THIS SWEET, LOVELY GIRL, HIS HEART TOLD HIM THAT THIS WAS NOT SOMEONE WHO COULD KILL...

UNTIL I CAN THINK OF SOME WAY TO CLEAR YOU, AMY, YOU CAN STAY WITH NED FOREST AND JENNY. THEY'LL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU AND HARDLY ANY FOLKS COME OUT THIS WAY. BIG ROCK'S WAY DOWN IN THE VALLEY, YOU KNOW.

MAYBE SOMEDAY I'LL BE ABLE TO LET YOU KNOW HOW GRATEFUL I AM TO YOU, JEFF.



NOW LET'S FORGET ALL THAT FOR A WHILE. COME, LET ME SHOW YOU THE HILLS AND THE WOODS HERE.

ALL RIGHT, JEFF. I'D LIKE THAT.



AND SO THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED BROUGHT AMY A NEW-FOUND HAPPINESS. EVERY MORNING SHE'D MEET JEFF AND THEY'D WALK TO THE SIDE OF A GENTLE HILL WHERE THE LAND STRETCHED BEFORE THEM. YES, THOSE WERE GLORIOUS MORNINGS WHEN TWO HEARTS WERE LEARNING TO BEAT AS ONE...

AMY, YOU GROW MORE LOVELY EVERY MORNING. I NEVER HANKERED MUCH TO BE A POET...TILL I MET YOU, AMY



BUT LIVING ALONE IN THE HILLS MAKES A MAN QUIET-LIKE... AND WORDS ARE AS HARD TO CATCH AS A HUNGRY COYOTE!

THINGS YOU FEEL VERY STRONGLY DON'T NEED WORDS, JEFF. I UNDERSTAND BY JUST LOOKING INTO YOUR EYES



AND IN THE LONG AFTERNOONS, AMY WORKED BESIDE JEFF, SHARING IN THE PROUD HAPPINESS OF BUILDING SOMETHING REAL AND LASTING...

A FEW MORE NAILS AND THIS SIDE'LL BE FINISHED, AMY

WONDERFUL, JEFF!



BUT BEST OF ALL WERE THE COOL EVENINGS WHEN, TOGETHER, THEY WATCHED THE STARS BLINK ON, ONE BY ONE, IN THE HEAVENS, AND JEFF'S HAND STOOD OVER AMY'S...

YOU KNOW, AMY, MY HOUSE WILL BE FINISHED SOON THEN I'LL START GETTING TOGETHER SOME LIVESTOCK.

YES, AND SOMEDAY, JEFF, YOU'LL HAVE THE FINEST FARM AND RANCH IN THE ENTIRE TERRITORY.



I HOPE TO, AMY. BUT A MAN NEEDS SOMEONE TO HELP HIM... A WIFE TO SHARE IN THE THINGS LIFE BRINGS HIM.

I...I KNOW, JEFF.



COWBOY LOVE

SUDDENLY AMY KNEW FOR CERTAIN THAT LOVE HAD COME TO HER AS JEFF'S LIPS FOUND HERS. HER HEART RACED WILDLY....

AMY...I'M THINKING THAT I LOVE YOU, AMY.

OH, JEFF! JEFF, MY DARLING!



BUT, JEFF, HOW... HOW CAN WE TALK OF LOVE WHEN I'M WANTED FOR A MURDER I NEVER COMMITTED...WHEN I'M NOTHING BUT AN **OUTLAW GIRL!**

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, AMY. WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO CLEAR YOU, TO PROVE HOLDEN GUILTY. WE'VE JUST GOT TO!



YES, LOVE HAD COME TO AMY AND JEFF, BUT IT WAS A LOVE LIVING IN THE SHADOW OF FEAR....

IT...IT'S LATE, JEFF BETTER TAKE ME BACK TO NED'S. I...I'VE GOT TO THINK MORE ABOUT THIS. IT'S NOT RIGHT TO LET ANYONE FALL IN LOVE WITH ME NOW!

WE'LL FIND A WAY OUT, AMY



THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN AMY RETURNED TO JEFF'S PLACE, SHE ENTERED TO SEE HIM STANDING BY THE TABLE, READING A SQUARE OF PAPER...

SOMETHING IMPORTANT, DARLING?

OH, AMY...! I...I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU SO EARLY!

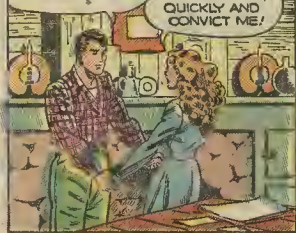


IT'S JUST THE WEEKLY MAIL...SOME SEED AND STOCK FOLDERS....



AMY, I'VE BEEN THINKING...YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE YOURSELF UP. IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO. I'LL GO BACK TO BIG ROCK WITH YOU.

W-WHAT? RETURN TO TOWN? B-BUT, JEFF...THEY'LL PUT ME IN JAIL! HOLDEN WILL STAGE A FIXED TRIAL, QUICKLY AND CONVICT ME!



BUT HIDING OUT THIS WAY MAKES THINGS LOOK WORSE FOR YOU. YOU MUST GIVE YOURSELF UP. I'LL FIND SOME WAY TO EXPOSE HOLDEN, MEANWHILE. I PROMISE I WILL. YOU TRUST ME, DON'T YOU, DARLING?

OF COURSE, JEFF...AND... AND IF YOU THINK IT BEST, I...I'LL DO IT!

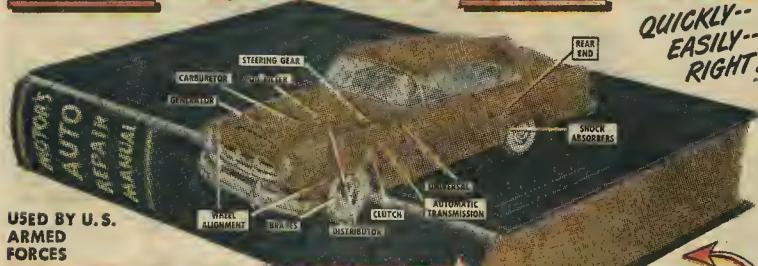


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COWBOY LOVE

JUST THEN, AMY'S HAND BRUSHED ASIDE THE NEWSPAPER ON THE TABLE... AND SHE SAW WHAT JEFF HAD TRIED TO CONCEAL FROM HER....



AMY'S HEAD REELED AND INSIDE HER SHE FELT A STRANGE, TERRIBLE PAIN. THE SHARP, STABBING SPEARS OF BETRAYAL PLUNGED THEIR POINTS INTO HER HEART AS SHE FACED JEFF, THE JEFF SHE'D COME TO LOVE... TO TRUST.

SO THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED TO TAKE ME BACK! THE REWARD!! BUT FIRST YOU HAD TO LULL ME INTO TRUSTING YOU!

NO, AMY! I'M DOING THIS FOR YOUR GOOD. I DON'T WANT TO SEE THEM COME HUNTING FOR YOU... MAYBE SHOOTING AT YOU!



DOING THIS FOR MY GOOD. THAT... THAT'S FUNNY... REALLY FUNNY! YOU'RE AFTER THE REWARD! AND I LET MYSELF LOVE YOU, BELIEVE IN YOU!



WELL, YOU WON'T TAKE ME BACK! I'M INNOCENT AND I WON'T GO BACK!



LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

NO, AMY... YOU'RE GOING BACK!

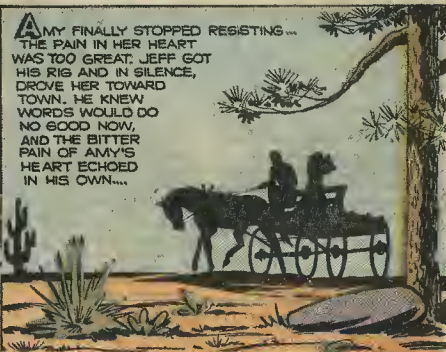


NO...NO! LET ME GO!

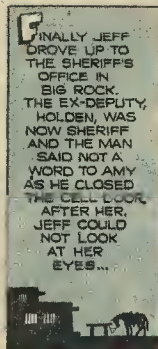
I'M SORRY, AMY, BUT THIS IS WHAT'S GOT TO BE. I KNOW IT'S FOR THE BEST!



AMY FINALLY STOPPED RESISTING... THE PAIN IN HER HEART WAS TOO GREAT. JEFF GOT HIS RIG AND IN SILENCE, DROVE HER TOWARD TOWN. HE KNEW WORDS WOULD DO NO GOOD NOW, AND THE BITTER PAIN OF AMY'S HEART ECHOED IN HIS OWN....



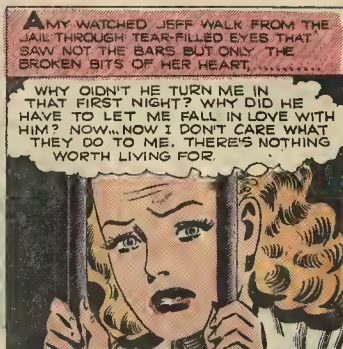
COWBOY LOVE



FINALLY JEFF DROVE UP TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN BIG ROCK. THE EX-DEPUTY, HOLDEN, WAS NOW SHERIFF AND THE MAN SAID NOT A WORD TO AMY AS HE CLOSED THE CELL DOOR. AFTER HER, JEFF COULD NOT LOOK AT HER EYES...

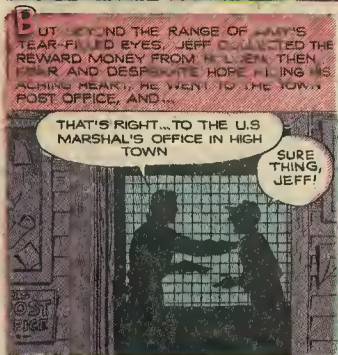


NICE GOIN', PARTNER. I'VE THE REWARD MONEY ALL READY AND WAITIN'!



AMY WATCHED JEFF WALK FROM THE JAIL THROUGH TEAR-FILLED EYES THAT SAW NOT THE BARS BUT ONLY THE BROKEN BITS OF HER HEART.

WHY DIDN'T HE TURN ME IN THAT FIRST NIGHT? WHY DID HE HAVE TO LET ME FALL IN LOVE WITH HIM? NOW...NOW I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY DO TO ME. THERE'S NOTHING WORTH LIVING FOR.



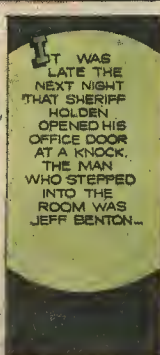
BUT BEYOND THE RANGE OF AMY'S TEAR-FILLED EYES, JEFF COLLECTED THE REWARD MONEY FROM HOLDEN THEN LEAVE AND DESPERATE HOPE FILING HIS ACHING HEART, HE WENT TO THE TOWN POST OFFICE, AND...

THAT'S RIGHT...TO THE U.S MARSHAL'S OFFICE IN HIGH TOWN

SURE THING, JEFF!



NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT WAIT FOR HIM TO GET HERE... WAIT AND PRAY! THIS HAS GOT TO WORK, IT'S JUST GOT TO!

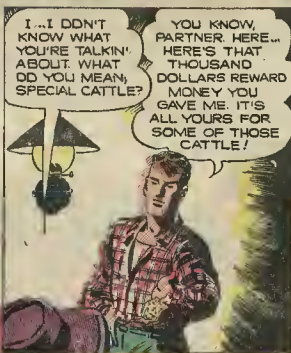


IT WAS LATE THE NEXT NIGHT THAT SHERIFF HOLDEN OPENED HIS OFFICE DOOR AT A KNOCK. THE MAN WHO STEPPED INTO THE ROOM WAS JEFF BENTON...



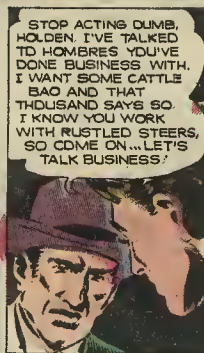
WHAT DO YOU WANT AT THIS TIME O' NIGHT?

BUSINESS, HOLDEN, AND THIS IS THE BEST TIME FOR IT. I WANT TO BUY SOME OF THOSE SPECIAL CATTLE.



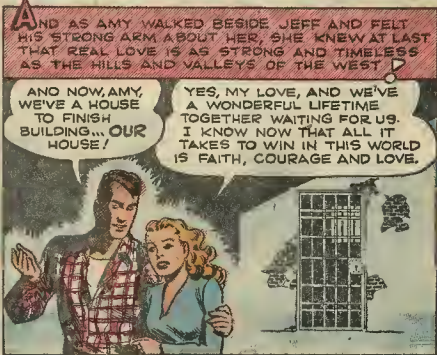
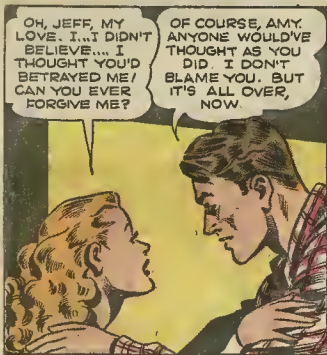
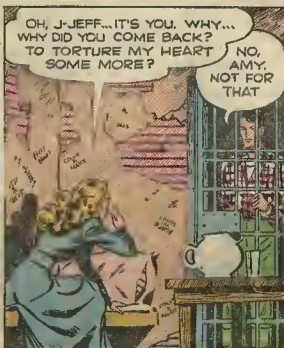
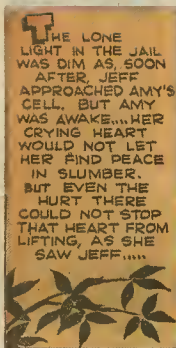
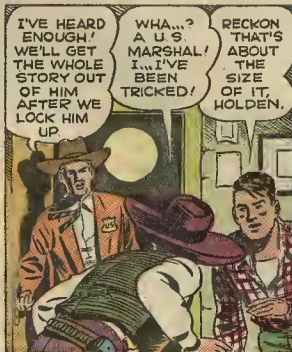
I...I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT. WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SPECIAL CATTLE?

YOU KNOW, PARTNER. HERE... HERE'S THAT THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD MONEY YOU GAVE ME. IT'S ALL YOURS FOR SOME OF THOSE CATTLE!



STOP ACTING DUMB, HOLDEN. I'VE TALKED TO HOMBRES YOU'VE DONE BUSINESS WITH. I WANT SOME CATTLE BAO AND THAT THOUSAND SAYS SO. I KNOW YOU WORK WITH RUSTLED STEERS, SO COME ON...LET'S TALK BUSINESS!

COWBOY LOVE



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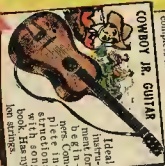
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